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The Maoris of New Zealand.

(By Mary V. G. Woolley, in 'The New Voice.')

The Maoris are the finest of all the aboriginal peoples I have seen, though many things which they have in common with the Hawaiians and Samoans make it probable that all the South Sea Islanders are related to each other. In fact I think that the peculiarity of the Hawaiians, with their pretty poetical and artistic ways of weaving the leis and making fine mats and fans, is only a matter of environment. They have a tropical island, with no cold, and only flowers and fine grasses to dress themselves with, while the people who come from there to the shores of this colder island, found the native flax, a coarser fibre, out of which they made their coverings and their 'kits' (baskets) and mats; and the necessities of their surroundings made them more warlike and at the same time hardier and less poetic. Their very language—though similar to the Hawaiians'—shows this difference. In Hawaii the universal greeting is 'aloha,' which means 'love,' while in Maori it is 'aroha,' meaning 'welcome.'

While I am theorizing let me give you another of my theories: The Maoris are very fine looking except that they have flat noses. When they meet one another, instead of merely shaking hands or greeting each other as we do, they press their noses together in the most solemn fashion. My theory is that long years of this custom have made their noses flat, and that if it were stopped, coming generations might have fine straight noses.

It is very funny to see two people greet one another in this unique fashion. I saw two well dressed women meet in the main street in New Plymouth, and before they spoke a word grasp hands and press noses, and then begin to talk just as any other two women would. In Wellington two Maori gentlemen met, solemnly raised their hats with the left hand, grasped each other by the right and pressed noses—all this without a word. We went to the funeral of a Maori chief. The coffin was in the front porch covered with a mat and in it a large oil painting of the deceased, with two others of near relatives, and many green stone (jade) ornaments and weapons. We were introduced to the immediate friends, fine looking men in civilian uniform, one in a soldier's uniform, and noticed as the friends came they greeted each other in true Maori fashion, pressed noses, and then commenced wailing, moving back and forth and keeping up a peculiar cry. To persevere in this strange fashion, in the face of the customs of civilization, shows in itself a strong nature, and they are strong. They, of all the South Sea natives, have kept themselves separate from the whites and are increasing in numbers, while the races of the adjoining islands are gradually dying out. They are in complexion rich sienna, with black hair and perfect teeth, well proportioned, of good height, and very handsome.

One of the handsomest women I saw in New Zealand was a Maori, dressed in a beautiful French costume. The same evening I had two gentlemen, in full evening dress, pointed out to me as Maoris, and when I remembered that this evolution has taken only fifty years (for New Zealand civilization is only fifty years old) I felt convinced that they were the most intelligent native race in existence. Of this I am sure, for I have heard Maori members of the House of Representatives take part in important discussions, and do it well. Of course all the Maoris have not become so civilized. In Rotorua, the 'wonderland of New Zealand,' you may see them among more primitive conditions.

The Maoris are now almost entirely confined to the North Island, there being only comparatively few in the Northwestern part of the South Island, and it was with the greatest pleasure that we found that a visit had been planned for us to Rotorua, which name covers the townships of Ohinemutu and Rotorua and the Maori village of Whakarewarewa. We reached Rotorua about 5 p.m., after a day's journey by rail through some of the fine 'bush' scenery in 'the ranges,' with deep gorges covered with great ferns—the fern tree growing thirty feet high in many places, while the New Zealand cabbage trees shook their plumed heads at us most of the way. Before the dinner hour we walked to Ohinemutu, about a mile from our hotel, and saw the open-air life of the Maoris to perfection. Some were cooking their supper in the boiling, bubbling, spluttering holes, by letting down the basket or 'kit' of potatoes and other vegetables, to leave them until cooked—no fire, no watching, oceans of hot water ready at a moment's notice. It really was a very simple way to live, and saved so much trouble. In one hole, not so hot, I saw a girl washing dishes. Children were standing up to their necks in natural baths, and swimming like so many fish; while many men and women, wrapped in blankets, were lying or squatting on slabs of stone placed over the warmer spots and smoking or sleeping.

MAORIS AT HOME.

Corner of carved 'whare' (house) showing chief and wife dressed in flax mats. The chief wears the hui feather and is armed with the 'mere'—a club of green stone, wood or bone.

It was a curious sight and one I shall never forget. We returned to the hotel for our dinner and in the evening had a dip in the Madame Rachel bath, which was the most delicious I ever had. It left one's skin feeling like velvet. All these baths have world-wide reputation and are under the care of a resident physician maintained by the government, and marvellous cures are effected by them. There is a great sani-

torium here and people come from all parts of the world for treatment, especially for rheumatism and skin diseases.

In the early morning, to the horror of all the other tourists, who never heard of going earlier than nine o'clock, when the regular coach goes, we had a conveyance at the door and were driven to Whakarewarewa, the Maori village, and back again before breakfast at eight o'clock. We were fortunate to find 'Sophia,' the guide, at her gate just going to put her breakfast to cook in the boiling spring near by. She gladly took us over the district, chattering all the way of the legends of her people, pointing out the cooking fire, a circular crater of clear, blue water, nearly always boiling, another crater called the oil bath, near by several geysers, and a great well of boiling water fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. All there, with the constant noise of bubbling boiling water, the geysers sending up columns of water, the dense clouds of steam that can be seen for miles, and the strong smell of sulphur, made us think of some uncanny place and we did not care to remain long.

On the way down to the village proper we looked into several houses, and found them quite tidy and clean, but, horrors! with pillow shams on some of the beds and ruffled curtains, or worse still, lace ones, at the one little window. I wondered if this was the inevitable evolution. It seemed so inartistic. But before we left, Sophia got the key and took us to see the finest specimen of Maori architecture in existence, namely, a 'whare' (house) used for native assemblies and ornamented with elaborate carving. The carving is very ancient and all done with stone and shell implements, for the aborigines had no metal tools. The time it must have taken, and the patience, amazed me. The carved posts, with colored lines and inlaid shells, reminded me of one of the totem poles we see among our Alaskan tribes. And again, I wondered what connection these people might have had with our Indians, so far away. We turned our backs on this strange sight and drove away—only two miles—to an English breakfast, and might almost have thought it all a dream.

These people, on the whole, are a kingly race, free from affectation, and do not seek to pattern after the whites, but retain their ancient customs and practice them in presence of passing throngs without the slightest show of embarrassment. They are less poetic than the Hawaiians, but not less interesting. Their deadliest enemy, as is the case with all the aboriginal races which come in contact with the higher races, is alcoholic drink. They succumb to it easily, and under its influence exhibit all the vices of the white man.

'Only a Woman's Life.'

A hot, June day was drawing to a close in the plague-stricken city of Foochow. A funeral party stood aside for an idol procession, which, with all the usual pomp and commotion, was making its way through the crowded streets, then took up its march, again, toward the burying ground. Funeral processions were a too common sight, and the pedestrians noted only that the coffin was unpainted, indicating that the deceased had died of the plague, and that the funeral had been hurried. If some one had asked the hired coffin bearers, 'Who has died?' the answer would have been: 'Only a woman.' Yes, readers, it was only a woman, and a Chinese woman, too,, but come with me to my lu-dai, where we can look down on this noisy city with its pagodas, supposed to protect the people from the influence of evil spirits, with its temples filled with hideous idols, with its moving, hurrying, crowding, seething mass of humanity pushing on to eternity, and let me tell you the story of that life, the last chapter in whose drama you have just witnessed.

Listen, you who think Chinese women are stolid; that they cannot feel as you feel, that they cannot love as you love, that they do not know how to hate as you might have known if the God of Love had not come into your heart.

Forty years ago, in that little street over there, a baby's voice sounded on the midnight air. A watchman, going his rounds, picked the little one up and pressed it to his heart. No need to inquire as to the sex of the little waif; no boy would have been thrown out there to die. The watchman had a soft heart, and the gods had denied him the sons he had longed for. Something of a father's love came into his heart as the baby nestled in his arms. Something strangely like a tear came to his eye, but he resolutely put the child down again, and commenced to pace his beat. He was too poor to adopt a child—especially a girl—and she would bring him nothing but sorrow. Did not the books of the sages teach that?

The infant wailed, and the watchman hurried away telling himself that if the gods had been pleased to send him a daughter he would be much happier. But what was this baby to him? He came back to the place where the little one lay. No sound broke the stillness. His heart was beating wildly as he bent and swept the ground with his hand. Some one had taken the baby. Who had the right? Had he not found her, first? Could he not put her down to sleep, for a minute, while he walked his beat? He would pursue the thief and claim the child; she was his—but just then his hand touched the little form and something seemed to choke him, as he felt the cold hand and seemingly lifeless body of the babe. He unbuttoned his coat and laid the little one next to his warm body. She moaned feebly, and a great joy came into his heart. He was only a heathen, but from such souls as his, touched by a ray of Divine love has come all the great philanthropies this old world has ever known!

His wife took the little one to her heart, and something they had never known before came into their lives. Was there magic in the baby voice and in the touch of her little hand to draw them together?

Baby was only two years old when her foster father died; and the mother and child became wards of an uncle. The mother's will was put aside. She was 'only a woman'; what right had she to say what disposition should be made of her child. She had no right to adopt it in the first place, the uncle, who had never looked kindly on the little girl, told her.

With almost breaking heart the woman saw her adopted child taken from her arms; and the little one was sold as a slave.

The girl was fourteen before the realization of what her life might mean came to her, and then commenced such a battle that her owner sold her to another family. Here too, after a time came another scene, and the boy of eighteen who had incurred her hatred though he had never dared to put a hand on her, begged his father to sell her lest she put poison in his food. At last she was sold to a young man to become his lawful wife. He was poor, or he would not have been content to have a slave girl for his wife; but he was kind, and he was the first person the poor girl could remember who had been good to her.

All the strong love of an intense nature, she felt for her husband, and a happiness such as few Chinese women know was hers. Three little children came to the home, but none of them stayed long enough to do more than teach the mother the depths of love and leave an uncontrollable sorrow when death claimed them.

Fortune smiled on the husband, he was growing rich. His relatives began to look about for another wife for him, when for six years no child had come to the home. The wife pleaded as never before had Chinese wife pleaded with her husband; but he was weak. The relatives prevailed and Number Two came into the family. Number One had tasted all the bitterness of sorrow, all the joy of love; and now she was to learn all there was to know of hatred and jealousy. Over and over again she sought to take her rival's life; but Number Two was watchful. Then she attempted to commit suicide, but she was discovered in time, and saved.

It seemed as though the gods had avenged her, however, when a little son lay in her arms and Number Two was still childless. Then came the death of the second wife, and the first wife, holding the little daughter of the dead woman, close to her breast, vowed before the ancestral tablets that the baby should never miss the love of a mother. She had cared for the dying woman as she might have cared for a sister, forgetting all bitterness in her sympathy and womanly compassion.

The next few years were comparatively happy ones. Another little son came to the home, and children's laughter and noise did for that Chinese home something of what it has done for all homes in all time.

One day the children went to Sunday-school. The mother had objected, but the father said: 'Let them go; they want the pretty cards that the foreign woman gives to the children who go there.' Week after week they went ;and the mother listened to the verses they learned there, and began to wonder what they meant. Finally she went to the Sunday-school, too. How strange it seemed to sit with many other women and learn to read: 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me. Thou shalt not bow down to them—' Really the 'Doctrine' was very good, she told her husband.

Would the foreigner come to her house and teach her something more?. she had asked, and the foreigner had said: 'I cannot come now, but some day I hope I may.' Why was it that there were so few foreigners to teach the women when there were so many to learn, she had wondered, but she did not ask the question, for she might be considered impolite.

'Surely I will come before next Sunday,' the missionary had said, when the invitation had been given week after week. The woman went home with a new joy and hope in her heart. The foreign woman and a Bible-woman would surely come in a few days, and she would have a chance to learn so much about the new 'Doctrine' that had taught her that she needed a Saviour.

* * * *

'She is dying,' the neighbors said. 'She wants to send for the foreigner, but it will not do.' The patient opened her eyes. 'Come here, children,' she said. 'Learn all you can of this new——'

And, then her eyes closed and the last chapter of her life on earth had ended.—Willma H. Rouse, in 'M. E. Church-Bulletin.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

In the Light of Truth.

(By George Madden Martin, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Anne looked about the class-room. She was a new pupil, and was wondering which of the many would prove the interesting girls.

She based her liking for people on the degree to which they were interesting. At least this was her way of putting it. Not even to herself would she have acknowledged that they were interesting according as they were fine—fine in the sense of fashion and of show. For Anne secretly longed to be fine.

Matilde was fine. She attracted Anne. She wore charming clothes, and she wore them with an air. Perhaps Anne envied her the air more than the clothes. And Matilde made incidental mention of appointments with the dressmaker.

Anne soon learned about Matilde. She and her father and her older sister came down from their sugar-plantation for the winters, that Matilde might attend school and that her sister might attend society. Every girl in school had something to tell about the sister. She was a belle, and her goings and her comings were ever in the newspapers.

Anne came down from an adjoining parish, too, for school, going home every Friday to stay until Monday. Only an unusual price for the cotton-crop made it possible for her this year at the Gray College Preparatory School. When the year ended—well, there were two scholarships open to the pupils of the school, and Anne was ambitious. She was also a student and a worker.

But just now her ambition centred on things social. She had made up her mind that Matilde would be a charming friend. But beside being a leader in her set, Matilde was, perhaps, a mocker at things serious and earnest.

On first meeting Anne she had given her a preoccupied smile. She evidently had many and large interests outside of those of school. Her conversation chiefly concerned a dancing club and a schoolgirl box party for a matinée.

Presently conversation turned upon the coming recitation in mathematics. Matilde gave a dramatic shrug.

'I haven't a problem solved!' she declared. 'Not that I mind algebra. I haven't had time. However,' Matilde's laugh was provokingly charming, 'there's nothing like establishing the reputation you mean to sustain.'

Anne, on the outskirts of the group, felt nettled. Matilde seemed to make light of worth and work and achievement.

'Really?' Anne said. 'I can't imagine any one willingly taking an inferior place at anything—'

Matilde flushed. It was perhaps a new point of view to her. She turned and looked at this newcomer.

Anne bore the scrutiny well; she was pretty.

The two girls happened to be near each other when they were going in from recess. 'I have the problems solved here, if you care to look at them,' said Anne. 'It's a mere detail to work them out, anyhow, when you've got the principle.'

'Why, thank you—I should like to,' said Matilde. 'I really meant to do them, but went to a dance, and—well—just didn't,' Matilde, flushed and grateful, was more charming than ever.

She was clever, too. She studied the paper up the stairs and into the schoolroom and through the roll-call. When her time came, she rose with a smiling readiness and made a clever recital of her gleanings. Going out at dismissal, she slipped an arm through Anne's.

The next day she asked Anne to drive with her in her father's carriage. She also asked and received permission to take Anne home to dine. Matilde's sister appeared in a bewildering gown of trailing gauziness. With a preoccupied good-by, she bade them

MATILDE, FLUSHED AND GRATEFUL, WAS MORE CHARMING THAN EVER.

be 'good children,' and left in the carriage for some more festive dining elsewhere.

Matilde's father was silent and dark, and hardly glanced at his daughter's guest. Afterward Anne told Matilde that he looked sad.

'Sad,' the girl replied. 'Who? Father? O Anne, how absurd!'

It was a servants' meal, just as it was a servants' house. There was profusion, but there was also laxity and carelessness. But to Anne it was only fine—the glitter, the show, the form.

Afterwards Anne gazed at the books in the library, although she was used to books. Then, as if reminded, she asked: 'Our themes for to-morrow—have you written yours.'

Matilda made a little mouth. 'Haven't thought of it. I hate to work. I'll scribble off something in study hour to-morrow,' and her shrug indicated that deeper concern over such a matter was not worth while.

Matilde's estimate of these things of such moment to Anne, her assumption that carriages at beck and call, servants, a fine house, were common to all persons who were anything at all—this point of view seemed to Anne to put her at a disadvantage. Matilde seemed to have no idea that cleverness and ability played any part. Anne decided to make her feel their advantages.

'But so many are good in English it would never do to fall so far down in rank. Write it now; I'll help you.'

They did it then; that is, Anne wrote and Matilde bit her pencil and praised. 'And you are not like most of the smart ones,

Anne; generally they're so goody and prissy!'

'Matilde Levereaux has taken Anne Norwich up,' was the school comment before long, but none except Anne knew it was because she was making school life easy for Matilde.

When the school year was half over, Miss Henry said to the class in English one day, 'I wish a special theme this week upon original lines. Dr. Gray desires to note class progress as compared with earlier work of the year.'

Anne worked early and late on her theme. She spent a night with Matilde, delving into volumes for excerpts and quotations. She meant to win by her theme the notice of Doctor Gray.

Matilde produced her sentiments. They were sparse and abstracted. Her head was filled with thoughts of the coming dance on Friday. 'Do help me, Anne!' she begged.

Anne laughed, and taking Matilde's essay, said it was merely 'notes.' She placed the pages in her book, promising to put them into shape. But being incapable of slurring anything, and not averse to impressing Matilde, she threw herself into her friend's point of view and wrote the essay. It was bright, it was clever, it was humorous.

Anne was proud of the work, but she was prouder of that which she did for herself. It showed more study.

'Pick out some quotations for it when you copy it,' she begged Matilde, who embraced Anne and promised. But the dance intervened.

A month later Doctor Gray announced to the school that on these themes the faculty had based their choice for the Groly scholarship in English.

The assembled class gave breathless attention; the announcement came as a surprise. Anne flushed, and was conscious that more than one girl glanced her way.

Doctor Gray continued: 'And in making the choice known, I would say that it is not only on the merits of the actual theme in hand, which is marked by clearness, simplicity and a rarer quality,—humor,—but because of her fine showing in English as compared with earlier work of the year that the scholarship is awarded to Miss Matilde Levereaux. A close second, but lacking the simplicity and humor of Miss Levereaux's work, stands the work of Miss Anne Norwich.'

As it was Friday, Anne went home. Home meant a low, broad house in a group of live-oaks and pines. Home meant father working early and late for a cotton-crop. Home meant younger sisters and brothers, and a sacrifice by all to give Anne her year at school. Home meant mother, never strong, to-day lying on the couch, her hand at this moment on Anne's head, which was buried against the sofa while Anne sobbed.

'But it's mine, mamma, don't you see—it's mine, for my work won the scholarship. Of course—I know—you think I did wrong,—and all that,—but that's not the point; it wasn't for morals or deportment,—it was for English,—and it's mine—I earned it—'

'Earned it, Anne?' There was pain in the tone of questioning.

But Anne did not notice it. 'For the credit of the scholarship, Matilde owes it to Doctor Gray to tell—if for nothing else. I owe it to him—if she doesn't speak, mother—'

'Why, you, dear, will not. Don't you see? Be honest to yourself, my child. Your punishment is silence. In confession now, Anne, lies only self-interest.'

Matilde had laughed hysterically, uncontrollably. She had seized Anne after school, in the cloak-room, and could only speak in snatches of laughter. 'It's—the funniest—situation I ever dreamed of,Anne. If only we could tell it—the joke—to the others! I—the despair of the faculty—I—I don't want it. It's honors thrust upon me. I'll be buying a cap and gown some day, Anne.'

There was no comprehension of the bitterness to Anne. But then Anne had to remember that she had made light of these very things with Matilde. How, then, could Matilde know? As for the falseness of the situation, that, to Matilde, was plainly the funniest thing of all.

But by Monday Matilde had changed. She looked across the schoolroom several times wistfully toward Anne. At recess she drew her aside, and told her that Doctor Gray had met her father on Friday, and had informed him about the scholarship before Matilde reached home.

'And—and—you won't believe what it meant to father, Anne!'

Matilde's eyes left Anne's in embarrassment; she was one to hide emotions and deeper feelings.

'He—papa—he kissed me on the forehead—twice. Papa—think of it!'

Was Matilde pretending to laugh through tears?

'He—he said he had been mistaken about me; it had been his unhappiness to think me shallow—and frivolous; he begged my pardon. O Anne!'

There was no concealing it. Matilde was crying.

'He said it was the greatest gratification either of us had ever given him—Hortense or I. He has been so disappointed in us. We haven't been anything he wanted us to be. How could I tell him it was all a joke?' and Matilde turned away her head.

Later that day Matilde spoke again. 'Really, there's a zest in the getting, isn't there, Anne? I've actually worked every problem.'

'There's nothing like it,' said Anne. It was joy to be honest, and not to laugh falsely at things one loved and believed in.

Soon Matilde's work took the dominant, spirited personality that the girl gave to whatever she did. She forged to the front speedily in mathematics. She said her father was helping her.

Anne went home with her now and then on a Friday night.

'Comrades—in accord,' said Matilde's father, with a smile at both girls, as the three opened books around the lamp. He said it in French; the three had agreed to talk in French to help Anne with her accent.

And Matilde went home on a Friday now and then with Anne. Anne did not even ask that the silver service of a former generation's grandeur be brought forth. The simplicity of the family's acceptance of a reduced mode of living was beginning to reveal its dignity to Anne.

Matilde would drop on a cushion by the couch. 'There's a charming pink in your cheek to-night, Madame Mère,' she would say, as if Anne's mother was a girl like herself, 'and your hair—your lovely hair—Let me take it down and arrange it the new way.'

The mother liked it; she liked Matilde to come—she said so. And yet, trample the thought as she would, Anne remembered. Had her mother forgotten? Matilde had never told.

But Matilde was learning some things. The Norwich plantation was isolated, and the children could not attend the daily school.

'Mother's teaching us this winter so Anne can go to town to school,' little Doris had explained. 'Most generally we have a governess.'

And Matilde was to be proved. There came a day at school when, as she and Anne were passing through the hall, Doctor Gray called her into his office.

'And Anne?' asked Matilde.

'And Anne,' said he, smiling.

The two girls entered.

The doctor looked at Matilde over his glasses. The smile was earnest now.

'It is to speak a word of commendation I called you in. It is about your work this year. You have earned more than the Groly scholarship; you are earning the respect and admiration of the faculty.'

Matilde held Anne's arm tight as they went out. It was a grip that hurt. She had forgotten even Anne, and was looking inward. She drew a breath suddenly.

'"Earned," he said, Anne—'earned!"'

And Anne knew, all at once, that Matilde saw.

'Oh, no, don't!' said Anne, for Matilde had turned back to the office. 'That is, not—not for me; I couldn't bear it, Matilde.'

'I must!' said Matilde.

'But—but your father—'

'Oh!' said Matilde. But she went.

And Anne went, too. Matilde incriminated only herself. 'My theme was not original work. I took the scholarship 'from Anne, whom you ranked second.'

Then Anne spoke. She drew Matilde's hand away from her lips in its endeavor to stop her. 'I proposed it to her; she never realized anything but the joke. Then—'

'Who wrote the theme?' asked the doctor.

Neither girl spoke, Anne fearing to seem to lay claim to its merit, Matilde because to speak would incriminate Anne.

'You know,' said the doctor to Anne, 'you, in this case, stand next for the scholarship.'

There was a flash illuminating Anne's inner vision. 'Oh, no; I—I—was the one. A—a scholarship includes—honesty. I—I forfeited it, Doctor Gray.'

But Matilde's part was harder. 'I have to tell papa! O Anne, Anne, how can I?'

Later there was an announcement in the chapel. Miss Matilde Levereaux and Miss Anne Norwich were declared ineligible for the Groly scholarship on their own declaration. Miss Ellen Ward stood next in order of merit.

But down-stairs Anne and Matilde made the story clear. That the girls made heroines of them forthwith was bewildering but soothing. There had been enough of sting.

'Help me to study, Anne, to make every minute count!' begged Matilde. 'I've got to make it up to papa—to show him. There's the Otis scholarship in mathematics, in June. Do you think, Anne, I could?'

Anne winced. She had remembered that, too. Then she kissed Matilde. 'I'll help you every way I know,' she said.

June brought its own surprises. Matilde Levereaux had won the Otis prize.

Matilde herself told her father this time. She cried a little as she did so, but his arm about her made her sure he understood.

'Anne was the only one that could have taken it over me,' Matilde explained, 'and she would not try for it. She wanted me to gain it for you. And I let her do it for me, papa—although they are not well off.'

The price for cotton was not so good that year, but autumn saw Anne Norwich back at school. She made no secret of how she had come. She had found the joy of frank honesty. She had accepted the gift from Matilde.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

'Grand-Ma Land.'

(By a matron of the Snows, in the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine.')

'There is a wonderful land far away.
And its name is Grandma-Land;
'Tis a beautiful witching place,
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmammas! Just grandmammas!'

In my second article on 'Widows of Canada' it occurred to me to give you simple little incidents of my mother's womanhood and old age. In her as type, your readers in the sunny land of India will glean some idea of the life of a typical mother and widowed grandmother in our great Dominion—a land that stretches from sea to sea.

She is now eighty-five years of age and has exactly eighty-five grand children. Mother was quite strict with us as children, but all the same she is a cherished and much prized grandmother; so we thought.

'In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes;
In this beautiful glorious pudding land
Each child does as he pleases;
All through the night, all through the day,
Every single child has his way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases.'

There were seven sons in succession in my parents' family; their birth caused a feeling of disappointment; but when I was born—the first girl—there was wonderful rejoicing. The postman of his own will galloped from house to house on horseback, blew a horn and shouted, 'The squire has a daughter, the squire has a daughter.' Then in came shoals of congratulatory letters with many presents. My advent was heralded in the newspapers, and for once in my life I was for a short space a little woman of great importance. Three wee sisters followed me, and thus I lost the proud distinction of being the only girl. During those days and for years afterwards I remember my mother as a busy home-maker and housekeeper. There was nothing which her shapely hands could not do. If the boys cut themselves, she sewed up the wounds. In glancing over the history of her people, I find that surgical skill was a family trait, and among her kin there was one who received knighthood for 'his scientific researches in medicine.' In fact there was a reputed magic in the very touch of members of the clan. She was also an adept in sewing garments, at baking, ironing, and in each kind of labor connected with our large establishment. Everything seemed so easy for her to oversee and assist with. The 'Domestic problem is one greatly discussed in Canada. Our experience may be interesting as it is a phase of the 'Woman Question.' My grandmother brought her maids from Scotland; for generations before her her ancestors had loyal loving service and this good gift seems to have descended to us. My parents, with a few exceptions, always engaged French servants. There was a little French nurse on hand to take care of me when I was born. She was my confidante when I reached womanhood. Nine sisters out of that one family gave us faithful affectionate performance of duty. The father and brothers did my father's bidding for years, and the grandsons and, for aught I know, greatgrandsons are among the thousands of men now employed by my brothers. Some of my mother's maxims were—'Knowledge is no burden'; 'A good mistress must have a practical idea of all household duties, then she will know exactly how things should be done and how much to expect.' I have heard her say too that no woman in her employ ever rose and lit a fire during my father's life-time. A great reverence for womanhood had been instilled in him by his father, the minister. My paternal grandfather (who, by the way, had an only uncle who went to India, amassed a fortune and married a native lady) I am told was a very handsome man, his wife was exceedingly plain, but 'My child, he treated her always as if she were a princess,' said an aunt one day to me. Our house was built on the highest point of land in a distance of one hundred miles. It was between two sections where originally there had been depots of the Hudson Bay and, to add to the romance, we are told that in by-gone days our birthplace was an old Indian fort. Many a time I have hid in the earth holes, that were sunk in the great hill at regular intervals. From these the Indians used, long years ago, to pop up and shower down arrows on the enemy. A magnificent river swept by our grounds and far away, over where the blue tops of a range of mountains seemed to reach the clouds, the 'Dawn' was discovered.

Our home was something similar to that of the famous Dr. Guthrie of Scotland; one of his maids described it as being 'exactly like a hotel, only there was no cellar.' Company, company always, winter and summer. My father loved study, literature, literary men and characters. He drew around him all sorts and conditions of men. Especially did he like people of individuality. I close my eyes and call up some interesting notables. There was that young man from Burma. Now he is a well known divine in New York and devotes his culture to the 'great unwashed' in the region of city 'settlements.' A kingly man, with white hair, keen blue eyes, and erect commanding figure passes the drawing-room. He was a believer in the co-education of the sexes. This man became the originator of two colleges and a university. All over Southern India are men and women who are reaping harvests of happiness through that man's influence. I could give you pen pictures for hours, but I shall just give you one peep, at an ordinary looking man—very ordinary indeed, but yet Canada considers him extraordinary now, and Queen Victoria created him a knight because of his valor with the pen. In and out among these men my mother moved, they laughed at my father's wit and praised my mother's home-made bread.

Billiards, chess, croquet, boating, fishing, driving and riding, were our favorite pastties. In winter, skating, tobogganing and snow-shoeing helped to pass many an hour. In all these my father was a delightful comrade. Mother could paddle a canoe with any one, and in her girlhood days rode on horseback with ease and grace, but I never remember that she paid much heed to these pleasures in my young womanhood. She had so many duties, and then there were poor people to help, the sick to be visited, and, in her leisure, her reading. The news of the entire world, social, political and religious, must be followed. No matter how occupied she was, the newspapers, or the fresh cut magazines must be read. Very often, too, father brought in the latest book and read aloud. Whenever she was to be found sitting at her sewing, his papers or his books, with himself, were cheerfully given for her amusement or instruction. She was a keen independent thinker, with a decided mind of her own, and together they frequently argued out the questions agitating the times. My father always liked women who could hold their own in an argument. Unlike his father, he was an exceedingly plain looking man, but he dearly loved beauty. My mother's light step, trim figure, pretty refined freshness and wealth of nut brown hair must have had a great charm for him. She won him when a mere child, became his wife at eighteen years of age, and his widow when she was over sixty years of age. He was always her devoted lover. Many a time when we were children, I have seen him coming home after a day in the woods, or a gallop over his fields, in order to watch his men and the first words were—

'Where is your mother?' If he could not find her at once it would be—'Mother, mother, where are you?'

When we grew old enough to understand housekeeping, he insisted on her remaining in bed every morning until the second bell rang for dressing. One of us had to overlook the maids and see that the family table was perfectly set. This was a fad of his. He had a great liking for a table that was pleasing to the eye.

The country people named our home 'The Castle.' Mother always objected to this title. She had a distinct aversion to any sort of uppishness and considered this name quite too grand for a big stone building, with a gothic roof and fine large verandahs. It is approached by an avenue of trees, which she helped to plant in her early married life. Then it stands so high up, and its commanding situation overlooking wide fields, noble river and magnificent mountains, all conspired to give the settlers of that vicinity a right, they thought, to call the squire's home, 'The Castle.'

It was too big, however, for her when her large family with one exception went to hearthsides of their own, and my father died. 'The Castle' was closed and a modest residence taken in the city.

About this time, a new law came into vogue and many women in Canada had their first experience of the franchise. Widows and unmarried women who held property or paid a certain rent were allowed the right to a vote in municipal affairs. That is, they could help to choose by the ballot the Mayor and Councillors of the city, town, village, or country place where they lived. This was in 1885. Mother was quite accustomed to voting in a way. The church which my grandfather organized met in a substantial stone building which boasted neither debt, pew rent or government assistance. In fact, my grandfather never received a salary although an advocate of a paid ministry. Circumstances were such that he did not require one. Two of his sons had been educated for the navy and gladly gave their help to him in teaching the settlers around. In the church, the women had equal rights with the men, and were not forbidden to speak. At proper times, when there was a vote to be cast, they modestly shouldered their responsibility and did their duty. This orthodox company also believed in the total immersion of believers, by which they signified the death and resurrection of our Saviour.

The third and fourth verses of the sixth chapter of Romans led them to this belief.

> 'Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?'
>
> Therefore we are buried with him in baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.'

Close by the old Indian fort, a brother of a premier of England was baptized one lovely Sunday morning. Although not holding all our views, he frequently preached in my grandfather's church. As a young woman I remember him well, for he came with some other British officers and camped near our place. This gentleman was quite a study and amusement for my father, who delighted in keen character research. My mother's first advent at the polls was to her an auspicious occasion. When visiting her later, she told me with much satisfaction of the event.

'Were you nervous, mother?'

'Not in the least. Mr.—,' mentioning quite a distinguished gentleman, 'called for me with his own conveyance, I took his arm, walked to the sleigh and his man drove us to the polls behind a fine pair of ponies. I was conducted to a quiet clean room and then I cast my first ballot for public affairs.'

'Who did you vote for, mother?'

'Good men, of course, child,' was the decided reply; 'I watch them through the newspapers. I chose the ones I thought would rule wisely.'

Later on in life she decided to have a residence near the 'Castle,' and a cosy cottage was secured. This had originally been built for an Irish gentleman, a relative of a woman whose memory the women of India will bear in loving reverence. It calls up the name of the wife of one of your Viceroys whose heart was touched for the sufferings of her own sex.

'Frogmore' is called thus because of the frogs that croak at eventide in the marsh, and round this genial centre gather the 85 whenever it is possible. Not all at once, but in detachments; there are troops, little and big. Sometimes they storm the 'Castle.' Lights brighten the many windows, many feet run to and fro, like a bit of old times, say the neighbors—or they crowd the 'Bungalow' and swarm over 'Frogmore.'

'In this wonderful country far away
In this gorgeous grandma clime—
When tired children can eat no more
There are stories of "Once on a Time;"
Stories are told and songs are sung
Of when grandma was young
"Once on a Time," well, let me see.'

The coming of our Royal guests last autumn created great interest among big and little. Every one flocked to the nearest cities where they were to be entertained. 'Oh, I am too old for such festivities!' said the Grandma laughingly to her merry granddaughters, who were busy preparing for the august occasion, but when all the news of the brilliancy and magnificence, of the preparations with tales of the gracious sweetness of the princess May, reached her ears, she quite forgot her eighty-four years and called for her best bonnet, finest garments, and gold-headed cane, and away she went 'all dressed up in her Sunday clothes,' and soon managed to secure one of the best sites for a good view. Imagine her all in black of rich texture with dainty snowy lace at her throat—a fresh faced, sweet, aristocratic old lady standing, resting just slightly on her handsome cane! Slowly along came the carriage bearing the future Queen and King of England. Who is this charming white-haired Grandmamma? There is an instant interested attention, and up goes a royal hat, and down bends a royal bonnet. A smile and gallant bow all for herself was then a memory of across the sea, a nursery and

'A wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay.
To this beautiful glorious Grandma-Land
Royal children only find the way.'

In closing this sketch, perhaps an account of her later birthday will be of interest. This one I copy from a newspaper:

HONORED ON HER 80TH BIRTHDAY.

'Wednesday morning, January 12, will long be remembered by those who were present at the breakfast table of Mr. ——. It was the 80th birthday of his mother. After the meal Mr.—— intimated that as it was the birthday of "Grandma" they should toast her health and wish her many happy returns of the day. This they did with unfermented wine most cheerily, after which her son in a suitable speech presented her on behalf of her family with a handsome fur-lined cloak and diamond ring. Then her daughter opened and read fifty-five letters of congratulations from sons, daughters and grandchildren far and near. It was an impressive and happy hour and brought tears of joy to the venerable lady's eyes. The idea was a happy conception and perfectly executed. It originated with one of the sons who spends his winters in California, and when it is known that the sons and daughters are scattered far and near in all directions on the continent, some idea may be gathered of the work this presentation involved. May Mrs. —— long be spared the memory of the many happy events which this incident must have brought to her mind.'

In her pretty city home, mother frequently gives at homes, luncheons, dinners and at the proper season a valentine tea or satire party. These with her books, magazines and games keep her fully occupied. Her mind is as strong and active as ever it was, and her health splendid. It is her great delight to win victories at bagatelle and beat any of her sons who dare handle the cue. All her friends delight in sending her flowers, of which she is very fond.

On her 85th birthday, flowers were ordered for her by telegraph from the Klondike, presents and letters poured in from far and near, and there was a houseful of guests besides. This is the simple story of one Canadian widow whose old age is full of sweetness and love.

Long may she abide in
That wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-land
Good children only find their way.
But when they sleep, or when they dream,
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!

Just As Well.

(By Hattie Louise Jerome.)

My grandmother dear
Wears spectacles, you know,
And when I am naughty,
She looks over them so.

It's quite as well, perhaps,
For her glasses help her see,
And it's better for her not to know
How naughty I can be.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Why Tip was Kept.

(By Alix Thorn, in 'S. S. Times.')

Dick had not visited Maple farm in three years. He was only nine then, and oh, how much more grown up twelve seemed than nine! He wondered how it would all look now. He remembered Will and Jack, the two merry nut-brown boys whose father owned the farm, and with whom he had tramped the broad fields, and waded in the clear little brook that wandered through the meadow below the yellow farmhouse. And he did not forget their merry companion, Tip, the trusty farm dog, who cheerfully invited himself to join every excursion planned by the boys,—frantic with delight as he raced on ahead to explore woodchuck holes, or scratch madly at the rickety stone walls, out and in whose mossy crevices the taunting chipmunks scurried.

And this warm July day the heavy stage was bringing all this nearer every moment. Over that little hill peeped the weather-vane on the largest red barn; now the house was in sight; there stood the boys awaiting him, with Tip near by, wagging his tail energetically. How nice it seemed to see it all again! Mrs. Farmer Mason gave him a motherly kiss, the boys each seized a hand, but what was this little figure smiling up at him with innocent baby eyes, her dimpled brown hands clasped tightly behind her?

'Why, it's our Barbara!' explained Jack. 'Didn't you know we had a little sister? And, Dick, she's just fine! We didn't like girls much before she came.'

'Yes,' broke in Will; 'thought they were a big bother. But Barbara is different; she's plucky as a boy, if she is only three years old.'

Dick looked rather doubtfully at the new member of the family, but Barbara's brown eyes were as friendly as possible. She slipped one hand in his, seized Jack with the other, and the small procession went in to supper.

But still another surprise awaited him. The brook that he remembered so well had, with the help of a dam, broadened out into the prettiest of little ponds. In the centre rose a gnarled old apple-tree that seemed to have no objection to the saucy waves that broke against its rough bark. Tall flags swayed on the bank, side by side with the sweet meadow growths that crowded the margin, and bent inquisitive heads to catch their reflection in the ripples. A flat-bottomed boat rocked softly on the pond, and the boys at once invited Dick to have a row.

'Look down into the water,' cried both boys, 'and see what father put there!'

At first Dick could see only the green and brown water weeds tossed by the waves, but soon his sharp eyes spied myriads of tiny fish, darting to and fro.

'They're bullheads. The pond was stocked over a year ago, and father says there must be hundreds of them now. This place is just suited for them,' explained the boys.

'See, see!' cried Will, pointing excitedly. 'There's an old bullhead swimming along, watching a whole school of young ones! Even the littlest show the big head and dark body. The last of this month we can fish, but father says not before.'

Tip met them as they moored the boat, and he walked up to the house with them. Dick patted the dog's lifted head, saying:

'He's a good fellow, boys. I never saw a better dog than your Tip.'

'Ye-s-s; but, Dick, he's getting too old to keep much longer. We need a young dog to drive the cows, and, anyway, Tip's had his day. He don't get exercise enough; that

makes him so fat. And how gray he's getting!'

Dick's only answer was a kindly pat on Tip's broad back.

The happy summer days sped by. Haying was over, and the whole household felt like taking a well-earned holiday. Twice the boys had brought in enough bullheads for breakfast, and their talk was full of the pond and its lively inmates. Nearly every evening they had a row, following the restless little schools of fish as they darted here and there.

No one was more interested in this than Barbara. She loved to join the boat-load and look for the fish, and her big brown eyes could detect them as easily as could her brother's keen blue ones.

The little maiden roamed at will over the farm, yet never getting too far away. Tip often strayed behind her, and seemed to keep a watchful eye on this independent baby girl.

The three boys had driven off, one morning, to the village, and Mrs. Farmer Mason was standing by the pantry window making berry-pies. Only the soft cooing of the pigeons as they strutted with outspread tails on the sunny slope of the barn roof broke the stillness.

But what was that? A sudden, frightened cry, then a shrill bark from Tip! Surely that was Barbara's voice!

Rushing to the back door, Mrs. Mason saw a sight she will never forget,—Tip struggling wildly in the water, holding tightly to a wet white dress, and trying to bring his baby to the shore that must have seemed a long, long way off.

The mother's trembling feet could scarcely carry her, but when she reached the bank the danger was over. Barbara lay, a wet little heap, safe on the green grass, too full of water to cry, with Tip, all panting with his unwonted exertions, stretched out by her.

By the time the boys arrived, the small girl was playing around as gaily as ever, and explained that she wanted to catch a pretty little fish all herself, and naughty Tip wouldn't let her. As for the dog, he seemed astonished at the fuss the boys made over him, but he licked each one's face conscientiously, and followed up by grandly offering a paw to whoever cared to shake it. It was his only accomplishment, and he felt he was doing his duty.

Much to Dick's satisfaction, nothing more was said about getting a younger dog, and I think it is safe to say that, as long as Tip lives, he will have a happy home at the yellow farmhouse.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Missionary Hen

(A RECITATION FOR A CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

By Rev. J. M. Markwick, Canton, N.Y.

I knew a happy little boy,
The neighbors called him 'Thoughtful Ben';
Among his many much-loved pets,
He had a missionary hen.

You say: A missionary hen!
What sort of bird could that fowl be?
Just listen to my tale of Ben,
And I am sure that you will see.

At Sabbath-school, one day, Ben heard
A foreign missionary tell
Of heathen millions, far away,
Who never hear a Sabbath bell.

The missionary gravely spoke
Of what was done in those dark lands—
How young and old, both rich and poor
Bowed down to gods made by men's hands.
And then the missionary said
(Our Thoughtful Ben heard every word):
How can such men believe in Christ,
If they of Christ have never heard?
So many millions never hear
The news of God's most wondrous grace,
Although Christ gave the Church command
To preach the truth to all the race.
Christ said, 'Go ye to all the world,
And preach the Gospel to each man,'
The Gospel of our Saviour Christ,
Whom God did choose ere time began.
Christ said, 'For God so loved the world,
He gave His Son, His only Son,
And all who trust shall live with Him'
When this earth-pilgrimage is done.
Though many centuries have passed
Since Christ the Saviour died for man,
The Church has failed to tell the race
The news of God's redemption plan

Children, let us know the Lord,
Give heed to Jesus' great command,
And help to send the glad good news
To every one in every land.
The smallest child who knows the Lord
Can serve the Saviour in some way;
By prayer or gift, or work, or talk,
Can show his colors every day.

Ben listened well. He loved the Lord;
Quick came the thought: What can I do
To help the heathen hear the Word,
That they may love the Saviour too?

Ben's pocket-book was always light,
Ben's pennies were so very few;
But now his mother came to help,
And so the store of pennies grew.
Ben climbed the mow to hunt the eggs,
Beneath the barn crawled Thoughtful Ben,
And as reward for all his toil,
His mother gave him one old hen.

The way that good old hen would lay!
(Just as we'd like all hens to do!)
As if she knew Ben's business well
As if she shared his pleasure too.
She was a missionary hen,
And all her eggs Ben gladly sold
That he might help the heathen know
The way to enter Jesus' fold.
In time she raised a brood of chicks,
This good old missionary hen;
And these chicks swelled the revenues
Of little Missionary Ben.

John Wesley said: Get all you can;
One hearer said: That's right for me—
John Wesley said: Save all you can;
That hearer nodded, full of glee—
But when he said: Give all you can;
That hearer frowned as plain could be
And he was heard to mutter low:
The sermon is all spoiled for me.

How oft we hear John Wesley's words:
Get all—save all—give all you can;
How oft we note that hearer's speech,
And oft find fault with that sad man.
John Wesley's words still live, and tell
The Christian stewards what to do;
In them there is a word for all,
There is a word for me and you.

I've told this tale of Thoughtful Ben,
And how he helped God's work to live—
Because he got, because he saved,
Because he had the grace to give.

Let every one who hears my tale
Be sure to heed the moral too:
If one small boy can do so much,
'Tis certain I can something do.

The Prayer That Prevails.

(By Louise Shephard, in 'Christian and Missionary Alliance.')

What is the prayer that we can pray,
That will an answer swift receive?
What is the prayer that claims its quest,
How may we know when we believe?

The prayer that echoes God's sweet will,
And therefore prays in utter rest,
Knowing that what He wills shall come,
And that is better than our best.

The prayer that springs from wells beneath
That have their sources from above,
The prayer that gives, the prayer that goes,
The prayer that prays from very love;

The prayer that prays unceasingly,
The prayer that prays for friend and foe,
The prayer that holds untiringly—
The prayer that prays for high and low;

The prayer that ever seeks to bless,
The prayer that never seeks to gain,
The prayer that prays from very joy,
The prayer that prays from deepest pain.

This prayer is prayed in Jesus' name.
This prayer is only Spirit-given.
This prayer will always end in praise—
This is the prayer that reaches Heaven.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of June 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Stroke of Fate—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
England's Trial—'Evening Post,' New York.
A Colonial Reaction against Greater Unity—'Springfield Republican.'
Effects of the War—'The Sun,' New York.
Lord Goschen on British Credit—'Spectator,' London.
A Nest of Whiggery—'Manchester Guardian.'
The Moros—Hugh Clifford, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Advanced and Backward Races—'Daily News,' London.
Lerandka of Barotseland—'The Morning Post,' London.
The Australian Quack—Ambrose Pratt, in 'The Daily Mail,' London.
Under Which Flag?—'The Nation.'
Modes and Manners—Bliss Carmen, in the 'Commercial Advertiser.'
A Couple of Irish Stories—'Westminster Budget.'
Manners a Century Ago—Andrew Lang, in 'The Morning Post, London.'
The Missionary—'Academy and Literature,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

How to Learn to Draw—Charles Dana Gibson, in the 'New Liberal Review,' London.
The British Museum in the Law Courts—'Black and White,' London.
'Everyman,' at St. George's Hall—'Week's Survey,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Truth—Archibald Lampman.
Quietus—William Watson, in 'The Speaker,' London.
A Poet of New Zealand.
Two Good Novels—'The Pilot,' London.
A Modern Saint—'Commercial Advertiser.'
Alaric Watts on Wordsworth—'Cornhill Magazine.'
Father Marquette—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Tom Traddles Gone—'The Navy and Army Illustrated.'
English Words and Their Ways—'Evening Post,' New York.
Translators in Difficulties—Liverpool 'Daily Post.'
The Causes of Fantastical Beliefs Among Women—Margaret Benson, in 'The Guardian,' London.
The Open Road—'The Pilot,' London.
The Montmorenci Election—William Henry Drummond, in 'Everybody's Magazine' for July.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Co-education—Nicholas N. Butler, President of Columbia University, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
Faculty Grading in Public Schools—Wm. Shearer, in the 'Forum.'
Engineering Standards—'The Times,' London.
Tree Planting for Profit—New York 'Times.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Servant Who Would Not Forgive.

Jesus once told this story to his disciples. A very rich lord had a servant who owed him a great deal of money, so much that he would never be able to pay it. Now, in that country, if a man owed money which he could not pay, he might be sold as a slave, and if the money which was given for him was not enough to pay what he owed, his wife and children might be sold too. So the great lord said that this servant, and his wife and children, must be sold.

But the servant fell down at his feet and said, 'Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' So the lord pitied him, and forgave him his debt. How glad the servant must have been!

Now, there was another servant who owed the first one a small sum of money, and he could not pay it. So the second servant said, just as the first had done, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.'

'Of course,' you think, 'the first servant forgave the other, as the lord had forgiven him.'

But no! he had him put in prison until the money was paid.

When the lord heard of this, he was very angry indeed. 'Oh, you wicked servant,' he said, 'I forgave you all that debt, and should you not have forgiven your fellow-servant? Because you have been so cruel, I will not forgive you now.'

So this unkind servant was himself put in prison, until he should pay what he owed. As this was such a great sum, he would have to stay in prison all his life.

By this story Jesus showed us that if we do not forgive others, God will not forgive us. How dreadful it would be if God would not forgive us our sins! But if we wish him to forgive us we must be sure to forgive all others who do things which we do not like.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Sympathetic Doll.

'My dolly isn't a plaything,' said a certain little girl, indignantly; she's real folks!' And the New York 'Times' tells of two little children who planned to possess dolls that were just as much alive.

Often, as in this case, the children saved their own pennies to buy things they desired, and when the articles were bought appreciated them correspondingly. They wanted these dolls very much and although they were only little ten-cent bisque dolls, the directions given for the purchase were particular.

'Now, papa,' said one, 'don't just buy any doll you see. Take it up and look it right in the eyes, and if it looks as if it loves you, then you can buy it.'

Armenian Orphans.

(Helen Dewey Thom, Mardin, Turkey.)

These two little girls are carrying water for the Orphanage. The

GIRLS CARRYING WATER.

one on the right with a jar on her shoulder is Sara, and the one just ready to let down her pail into the well is Saidie.

While Sara is carrying her jar full of water off to the Orphanage, Saidie will fill the one you see lying on its side in the trough. When they get through drawing, they will close the iron grating on top of the well and lock it with a padlock, so that the neighbors cannot steal the water.

These little girls had been in the Orphanage six months when the picture was taken. Good warm clothing and nourishing food have made quite a change in them.

All of the water for the Orphanage has to be brought in this laborious way, and the girls, except the very little ones, all take turns in doing it. For hundreds and hundreds of years people in this country have drawn their water supply from wells, and carried it on their shoulders or heads in just such jars. I suppose that when Rebecca 'Hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand,' the 'pitcher' was shaped like the jar in this picture. And when we read that 'Jesus . . . being wearied . sat on the well,' we may suppose that the well looked very much like this one.

Sara and Maro are almost old enough to leave the Orphanage and earn their own living, so they are learning how to weave rugs. The man behind the loom is their teacher, and he comes every afternoon at three o'clock, and teaches them for an hour and a half. Maro has taken up two threads preparatory to slipping under the woof that the teacher has in his hand. She will knot it firmly, and then cut it with the scissors she has in her right hand.

If she works industriously she may succeed in going across the rug once in an hour. Sara does not know how to work so well as Maro, for she has not been learning so long. Maro has been working on her rug for a year. In a few days it will be done, and then she will begin a new one.

Sara came to us only a few months ago, and did not know how to read, but now she has finished the primer, and is reading in one of the Gospels. Maro has been with us three years, and this fall she entered the first class of the High School.

WEAVING RUGS.

How Dolly Went as a Missionary.

(Alice J. Muirhead, in 'The Child's Companion.')

'I don't think, mother, this is worth going on with!'

Minnie was dressing a wooden doll in a pink cotton frock to send out in a box of presents for Chinese girls in a mission school.

'There were such grand dolls and other beautiful things ready to be packed at Mrs. Shaw's yesterday, my doll will look so shabby among the rest.'

'Never mind that, dear,' said her mother; 'I will tell you a little true story to encourage you while we go on with our needlework.

'When I was in China we used to have a Christmas treat in our chapel for our school-children and their parents. Part of our programme was the giving of presents from England to every guest present, old and young.

'We had a favorite scholar among our elder girls named Ah-ling, who was a true Christian, though her parents would not allow her openly to join our church, and were threatening to remove her from our school. On the morning of our Christmas festival she came up to me with a very happy face.

'"Teacher, I think my mother will let my little sister, Yung-oo, come to the treat this afternoon; she was so happy to hear about the presents; and I hope if she comes to-day she will come with me to school after the holidays."

'But the present giving was drawing to a close when little Yung-oo arrived, in charge of a native servant —for these sisters belonged to an upper-class family. It was evident that the report of the "foreign" presents had brought the child, for she at once came forward to the table with a bright, expectant face; but, alas! our store was exhausted; and as the little one seeing this, turned away, sobbing, we sadly felt that our hold, of her, and perhaps of her sister also, was lost.

'"Teacher, we have found one present more!" exclaimed our native schoolmistress. "It was put aside among the paper wrappings."

'It was only a very rough wooden doll, not nearly so nice or so well-dressed as yours, Minnie. But if the English child, ten thousand miles away, who had sent it, could have seen the delight on little tearful Yung-oo's face when we called her back to receive it, she would never have asked, concerning any of her childish missionary efforts, "Is it worth while?"

'Well, from that day there began quite a friendship between us and Ah-ling's relatives, and little Yung-oo was sent to a mission boarding school. And when I ventured to visit her mother she welcomed me cordially.

'Several times, with our good Bible-woman, I took tea with her, and always on these occasions, when other Chinese ladies, living close by, were drawn by curiosity to join us, we had Bible-reading with a simple little explanation and prayer, and left Gospel books and tracts with them, for some of these ladies had learned to read. And the door to these precious opportunities of missionary service were opened to us by a little common wooden doll.

'So, Minnie, we do not know how much good your small gift may do; but we do know because we have seen it, and, above all, because our God has said it, that the humblest offering made from love of him shall in no wise lose its reward.'

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LESSON III.—JULY 20.

The Ten Commandments---Duties to Men.

Exodus xx., 12-17. Commit to memory verses 12-17.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. xix., 19.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 14.—Exod. xx., 12-20.
Tuesday, July 15.—Lev. xix., 9-18.
Wednesday, July 16.—Exod. xxiv., 1-8.
Thursday, July 17.—Matt. xv., 1-9.
Friday, July 18.—Rom. xiii., 1-10.
Saturday, July 19.—Luke x., 25-37.
Sunday, July 20.—John xv., 8-17.

Lesson Text.

(12) Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (13) Thou shalt not kill. (14) Thou shalt not commit adultery. (15) Thou shalt not steal. (16) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. (17) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Suggestions.

The remaining six commandments are moral rather than religious. Even people who do not worship God must see that these rules are the basis of a happy life for any family or country. Yet in keeping these rules we serve God better than by building costly churches. If the inward part of our religion is love to God, the outward part must be the keeping of his commandments. Verse 12, to show respect to our parents, to obey them while we are young, and to care for them when they are old, is one of our first duties. The Chinese, who have the oldest empire in the world, and who are very dutiful to their parents, are a good example of living long upon their land. Verse 13, the spirit of this command is that we are to care for the life and health of others. It is violated by careless landlords, who draw wealth from dirty buildings that foster disease; it is violated also by those who in anger wish ill to an enemy. God looks upon the thoughts of our hearts. Verse 14, references from Twentieth Century Version: 'God's call to us does not allow an impure life, but demands holiness' (I. Thess. iv., 7); 'God will judge those who are immoral' (Heb. xiii., 4); 'People who obey their earthly nature are earthly minded' (Rom. viii., 5); 'Wherever you find truth or holiness, righteousness or purity . . there let your thoughts dwell' (Phil. iv., 8).

Verse 15. It was the rule among the Jews in Christ's time that every boy should learn a trade even if his father was rich. He who can earn a living by handiwork is not so likely to steal as the poor man who knows no trade. It was a wise regulation, for we ought not only to try and keep God's commandments when temptation comes; we ought to prepare ourselves so that temptation will not come to us unnecessarily.

Verse 16. We should always be careful to avoid telling lies, for 'lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord,' but especially should we guard our lips when some mistaken statement of ours may injure another. If we 'love our neighbors as ourselves,' we will be careful of their reputations. Verse 17. This positive commandment not to wish we had our neighbor's things goes to the root of many sins. We may control our outer actions, but to control our wishes we must seek God's grace.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 20.—Topic—Means of Growth. Phil. iii., 12-16; Col. i., 10-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., July 14.—God knows our thoughts. Ps cxxxix., 2.

Tues., July 15.—Your thoughts are you. Prov. xxiii., 7.

Wed., July 16.—Think modestly. Rom. xii., 3.

Thu., July 17.—Think lovingly. I. Cor., xiii., 5.

Fri., July 18.—Think Bible thoughts. Heb. iv, 12.

Sat., July 19.—Think God's thoughts. Ps. cxxxix., 17.

Sun., July 20.—Topic—What are you thinking about? Phil. iv., 8.

The Teacher's Task.

First of all study the Scripture passage constituting the lesson and its context. Compare the authorized and revised versions. Be sure to get the meaning of that passage of Scripture. Then study any and all lesson helps within reach. A good way to get a broad view of the lesson is to follow the indicated Scripture passages in your family Bible reading for the week.

It will be clearly seen that all this can not be done in a few minutes, or even in an hour. It will take time. You must arrange your work so that the time can be used for this purpose.

But the preparation of the Sunday school lesson would be incomplete without a study of your scholars. What is the disposition and need of each scholar? What are their difficulties, hindrances and temptations? How can I best teach this particular lesson so that each one shall be benefited? These are questions that each conscientious teacher must ask. To answer them the teacher must keep in touch with his scholars.

In some respects this is even more important than the study of the lesson. The study of man is the greatest of studies. To teach the lesson so that each scholar shall get his share of the lesson—that constitutes successful teaching.

What an opportunity the teacher has here! In his sphere, the teacher has the advantage over the preacher, for he comes face to face with each individual.

A preparation for applying the truth is a final element that enters into a good preparation for teaching the Sunday school lesson. Here is the teacher's great opportunity! Here is where he can make the lesson tell!

This requires perhaps the most careful preparation of all. But I fear that too often no attention is paid to the application, or the truth is applied on the spur of the moment. Let every teacher study how best to apply the truth of the lesson to the individual heart and conscience.—'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

Intoxicating Liquor or Medicine?

A young man travelling on a bicycle between two Pennsylvania towns was surprised to see great numbers of patent-medicine bottles scattered along the way. He picked up some of the bottles, and read, 'Home Bitters,' 'Cherry Tonic,' and some other names more familiar to people in general.

The towns were far away from any hotel licensed to sell liquor; nevertheless, as he travelled on his way, he met several men and boys who were evidently intoxicated. When he arrived at his destination, he went into a store to inquire about a place where he could stay. It was a general store with a flourishing drug department. He was in it a very short time, but saw several bottles of bitters, tonics, and cordials sold.

He stopped at a house kept by a woman, who explained that the patent medicines sold in large quantities contained a large percentage of alcohol. The bottles were all labelled and stamped; the medicines were patented and sold under an apothecary's license; yet the business was a great and growing evil to the little town.

Now the young man happened to be a member of the bar of that county, and he advised the poor woman, whose sons had been in the habit of taking too much medicine to make information against the owners of the store for selling liquor without a license; and she, acting upon his advice, started a prosecution. The trial was a hard-fought battle on both sides. The defence employed some of the finest legal talent in that section, but the State's attorney and the young man who had discovered the crime upheld their side of the case bravely.

The judge instructed in substance that, if the storekeepers were selling their medicine in good faith as medicine, they were not guilty, even though it produced intoxication when improperly used, but that if they were selling it to be used as a drink, calling it a medicine to evade the law, they were guilty.

The jury under the instruction of the court, taking into consideration the taste and ingredients of the medicine, the quantities sold, the parties to whom it was sold, and the questions asked when it was sold, were out only fifteen minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty.

The principle brought out in the above case is law not only in Pennsylvania, but it is recognized throughout the country. An apothecary by abusing his license may render himself liable to punishment when selling even a well-known medicine.—C. H. Whittaker, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Beer and Labor.

The 'Evening Post,' commenting editorially on facts presented to the Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism, which met recently at Breslau, which showed the per capita consumption of alcohol in Germany is ten quarts every year for every German—man, woman, or child, and that the Empire spends $750,000,000 a year on drink, as against $3,000,000,000 for food, says: 'In the light of these statistics, the desirability of "German beer gardens" in our American cities is open to much question. As a matter of fact although there may be much less drunkenness in a beer-consuming country, the dulling effect of the drink upon the intellect and the physique are too patent for discussion. A Munich employer of many skilled workmen, in speaking last summer of the difficulties of competing with foreign and even North German concerns, laid stress upon the cheapness of Munich beer as one of his great handicaps. "If we were on equal terms in every other respect," he said, "the fact that my men's brains and bodies are sodden with beer, day and night, would put me behind in the race." So serious has the drawback of beer-drinking workingmen in Germany become, and so thoroughly is it recognized, that a movement has been started to exclude the drink from the factory premises. It has been not uncommon for a man to consume ten pints a day in his shop, while the average is put at not much below a gallon per day, excess being especially marked among moulders. Several experiments have already been made in educating the workingmen to dispense with the morning and afternoon recesses for beer, and one firm making electrical apparatus in Berlin has found an increase of 10 percent in product per man since the change was made. There is no arguing against such facts as these.' The economic argument for temperance is rapidly coming to the front, and is proving effective in restraining the drink habit among employees.

In sending an anonymous gift of $100,000 to Columbia university, to endow a chair of Chinese language and literature, the donor wrote to President Low: 'For fifty years or more I have refrained from whiskey and tobacco, and enclose you a cheque, which represents the interest on my earnings.'

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Correspondence

Forest City, Me.

Dear Editor,—I though I would write to the 'Messenger,' as I had never seen a letter from here. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I enjoy reading the continued stories a great deal. Where we live is a very pretty place. I live about two miles from the village. My mamma died last February. It is very lonesome without her. I have the care of everything, and baby sister seven months old, so I can't leave her very often, and don't have very much company, as it is so far away from neighbors. I like to do house work quite well. I am sixteen years of age.

LULU B. W.

Lyons.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters. I have two brothers, Johnnie and Vernon. Johnnie and I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Broderick. We like our teacher very much. When the roads are good we go to Sunday-school. We live in the country near the Clyde river, and when it overflows it looks like a sea. We raise sugar beets, and are three miles from the Empire State factory. We have two dogs, two cats, and a white rabbit. I have five cousins that take the 'Messenger.'

MARIAN B. C. (aged 8).

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter in the 'Messenger,' and hope to see this one in also My father is a tailor, and he made me one of those new coats that hang loose at the back, and I am very proud of it. I have an uncle named Mr. Berry, he keeps a candy store on York Street, and it is a very amusing to watch auntie making taffy. I also have a cousin who lives here, his name is Tommy Thomson. He works at the McPherson's boot factory. He bought me a lovely pair of shoes the other day. My cousin and his friend, Mr. Robb, went fishing the other day and got two big fish. E .R.

Calgary, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger' there. I like to read it better than any other paper. I have four sisters here and two brothers in heaven. My youngest sister is about a month old. Her name is Evelyn. Calgary is a very pretty place; it is the biggest town in Alberta. On one side of Calgary is the Bow river, and on the other is the Elbow, but the water is too swift to carry any steamboats. I have read many books out of our Sunday-school, some of them are:—'The Well in the Orchard,' 'Penfold's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and many other books. I like read ing very much. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on March 19. I am sending a list of freinds' names. ANNIE M. W.

Deep Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I live on the shore of the beautiful Annapolis Basin. My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. This last winter is the first that I have spent in Nova Scotia for three years. My father is a sea-captain, and mother and I go to sea with him a good deal. We were in Matanzas, Cuba, when the Spanish-American war broke out, and we got away just in time, as the warships were then off the mouth of the harbor, and we had to come out through them. They stopped us too, and we had to show that we were under the British flag before they would let us go on. Last winter I boarded in Mobile and attended school (while father sailed between there and Cuba), but I like our own Nova Scotia best, and I am glad that I do, for my mother says that I must stay at home now and go to school regularly. Our school numbers 65 this year. We like our teacher very much, and are getting along very nicely.

MARION S.

[This is a very interesting letter and well written.—Editor.]

Searletown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have had the 'Messenger' sent to me for two years, and I like it very much. I go to day school. I like our teacher. He has taught in our school for six years. The snow is all gone, the waggons have run every month in the year. The SS. 'Northumberland' crossed Northumberland Strait the latest on record. It crossed January 2, 1902. It is thirty-five miles from Point du Chene to Summerside, and it is hoped some time soon to cross the straits from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine, distance eight or nine miles. My papa is a farmer, and we live one mile from Albany railway station. Prince Edward Island has 2,000 square miles. It is 130 miles long, and the width is two miles narrowest place and thirty-four miles widest place. It has a population of 103,000. It has a railway from Tignish to Souris, and has three branch railways. Our summers are delightful.

LOUISA B. W. (aged 9).

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading the correspondence of the 'Messenger,' and thought as I have never seen any letters from Cornwall, I would write. In one of your late issues I saw where you asked your correspondents to send the names of some friends who did not get the 'Messenger,' and you would send them some free copies. A great many sent some names but I cannot, as I do not know of any. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and all like it. I go to Knox church and Sunday-school. We have no permanent minister now. Mr. McKay, of Montreal, preached the last three Sundays, Mr. Leitch preached here to-day and will be here for two weeks more. Mr. Harkness, of Tweed, Ont., is to be our minister, I think. We have a large Sunday-school, an average of about one hundred and seventy-five and we also have about twenty classes. We have a large library and this fall got a number of new books. I have read nearly two hundred of them, and have lived here only about three years. I go to the High School and am in the second form. We have a tennis club. In the summer we stay after four until dark playing tennis, and have plenty of fun. M. L.

Kelly's Cross, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen a few letters from Prince Edward Island, I thought I would try my hand in writing one too. I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about six months, and like it very much. I live on a farm and go to school every day and intend to try the Entrance Examination to Prince of Wales College next July. From here we have a fine view of the Northumberland Strait, and in summer steamers and vessels can be seen passing up and down. At night we can see the revolving light of Cape Tormentine lighthouse, and also on a clear day the houses and mountains on the mainland. We have had a very early spring here. I would like to correspond with some of the 'Messenger' readers about the age of fourteen. Address:—

GEORGE WADDELL,
Kelly's Cross, Lot 29,
P. E. Island.

MacLellan's Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for about twenty years, and wish all our friends had the privilege of reading it. Seeing your kind offer in the 'Messenger,' I hereby inclose six of my friends' names. MacLellan's Brook is a very pretty place in summer. It is situated on the banks of a stream, where many people in spring delight themselves fishing trout. About two miles from where I live is a cave where parties go in summer to explore and visit; over sixty years ago, a man dwelt in this cave, but it was so damp he moved out and had it afterwards for storing things in.

JEAN F.

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years of age. I have just begun to take the 'Messenger.' I like reading it very much. I have a little sister J. E., she is five years old. I think she will be starting to school soon. I have a little brother, he is nine. My other little brother and sister are dead. We have been in town for years, now we are living out in the country on the farm—about twenty miles from town. We are going to try farming now. I don't know whether we'll succeed or not, but we can try. I like living in town the best, but I believe the country is better for health.

DEVEDA J. McC

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I receive the 'Messenger' from the Immanuel Baptist church, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence column. I was nine years old on August 31 last. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother's name is Gordon; he is at present in St. Catharines, as his health is not very good here. So he goes to school there, and takes music lessons from my aunty, who teaches the Fletcher music method. O. K. M.

Halfway River.

Dear Editor,—As I see so many nice letters in your little paper I thought I would like to see one from Halfway River. We board the school teacher, Miss Josie Lavers. I have three sisters and two brothers. My oldest sister, Minnie, takes the 'Messenger.' We get it every Saturday night. Professor Steele gives our teacher music lessons. He is to come to-night to give her one. I wonder if Eddie Fullerton or Maggie Fullerton will notice my letter in print. Will Maggie Fullerton please write me a letter.

EVA FULLERTON (aged 12).

Cape North, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to your paper, I thought I would write to you. We live on a small farm. We have four cows, nine sheep, one ox called Diamond; he does all our work. I have four sisters, all in Boston. One brother is at home. My papa died years ago. I live close to a merchant; his name is J. McDonald; he is very good to me. I am with him nearly every day as clerk; he gives me candies, and tea to mamma. JOHN OLLIVER.

Cape North, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters in the 'Messenger' every week, and thought perhaps you would like to hear from me. We live close to a river, alongside a big iron bridge. We have one cow, her name is Bulley, and one cat and one dog. I have seven brothers and five sisters. Five of the boys are in Maine and four of my sisters. My papa is with them. I go to Sunday-school.

D. McWELLEN.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Wish.

(By Mrs. Amy D'Arcy Wetmore, in 'N. Y. Observer.')

'If I could only have everything I want, mamma, I would be so good, 'deed and 'deed I would.'

'My pet, that would not make you good. Goodness, you know, does not consist in self-indulgence, but rather the reverse.'

'Oh, but, mamma, I do want things so badly. I want a bicycle, and a tennis court, and I would like some pretty frocks, and a new hat and ice cream every day for dinner, and I—'

'And you don't know what. Now suppose I tell you what I want, and see if I am any nearer being gratified in my desires than you are?'

'Do, mamma, please tell me. Come here, Freddie, mamma is going to tell us what she wishes for most.'

'Jolly fun,' cried Freddie, dropping the boat he was making; 'and, mamma, may I tell you what I wish? I heard all the lot of things Sis wanted,' added Freddie, with a small boy's scorn of girls' desires.

'Certainly, my dear, you may give us your views first.'

'Well,' said Freddie seriously, 'I want a bicycle too, a real good one, and I would like a setter pup, and a new box of tools, and a gun and, oh, crowds of nice sensible things, not silly hats and frocks, like Nelly asks for.'

'I suppose not,' answered the mother, 'only your box of tools and gun may seem quite as foolish to Nelly as her wants are to you. But now listen, for several of my wishes you children can grant me.'

'Mamma, what we can give you I am sure we will, if we can, won't we, Freddie?'

'You bet,' replied Freddie, slangily.

Their mother smiled. 'I wonder if you will. I want first of all that my dear children may keep well and strong and good, and I want them to be happy and contented, and to give up wishing for impossibilities or teasing papa and me for things this summer, that they know we are too poor to afford. I want them not to talk over their unfulfilled longings before poor papa, who is worried about business matters. And I want too to see in my children a generous, kind, loving spirit to others, and to have them think of the things that they have, instead of those that they have not. Now, can any of mamma's wishes be realized?'

Nelly looked first at Freddie and then threw her arms around her mother's neck and exclaimed:

'Indeed, mamma, I will try,' and Freddie, though he was a big boy joined in the hugging match, kissing his mother affectionately, and giving Nelly a loving little peck, said:

'Truly, mamma, I will see that you have a contented boy for a change, and so we will both try to give you your wish,'

Why Some Children are Timid

How many children have been terrified by stories of the 'Bogie man,' of 'the wolf that will come and eat them,' of 'the policeman who will put them in the lockup,' till their fear of the dark amounts to positive agony. Bedtime should be an hour inseparably associated with the prayer at the mother's knee, followed by a quiet talk, after which the little one settles down to a restful sleep. But instead how often does it happen that the child is tucked in bed with the admonition, 'Now, go right to sleep, like a good boy, for if you don't there's a big dog over in the corner that'll come and bite you!' Go to sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps the child awake. How can he be expected to grow up anything but timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M.D., in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
That is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
'Where's mother?'

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son
Perils past and honors won—
'Where's mother?'

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace.
Let us love her while we may;
Well for us that we can say:
'Where's mother?'

—'London Mail.'

Selected Recipes.

Suet Pudding.—Take one cupful of suet, chopped fine, one cupful each of raw potato and raw carrot, grated, one cupful raisins or English currants, one cupful molasses, a little salt and a pinch of soda. Mix this well together, let it steam for three hours, and serve hot with sauce. It is delicious.

Jam Cake.—Cream together 1 cup sugar and 1 cup butter, add 3 beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons sour milk in which 1 teaspoon soda has been dissolved, ½ teaspoon each of ground cloves, ground cinnamon, ground allspice and grated nutmeg, 1 cup any kind of jam and 2 cups of flour, to be baked in a loaf. Raisins chopped may be substituted for the jam if desired.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

,St. John, N.B.,
June 23, 1902.

Dear Sirs,—I am an English girl, travelling in America. Yesterday I went to the Congregational Church and Sunday-school in this city. At the school I received a copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' and it is because I am so pleased with it that I am writing to you. I enclose 25 cents in stamps, and should be so glad if you would send that money's worth of the 'Northern Messenger' to the Superintendent of the Sunday-school in which I am a teacher. Thanking you in anticipation, believe me, yours sincerely,

FLORA WOOLDRIDGE.

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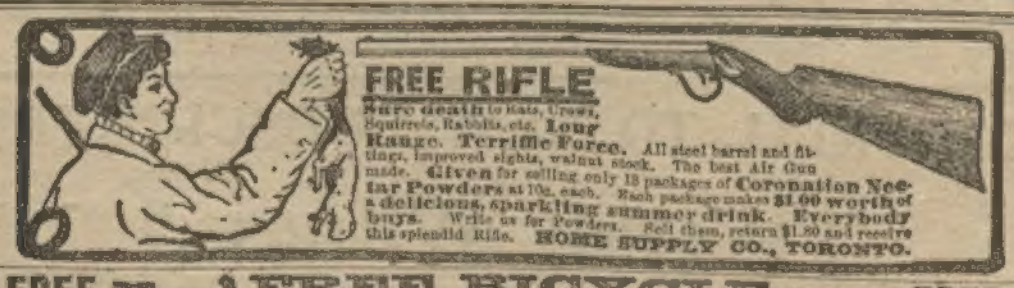
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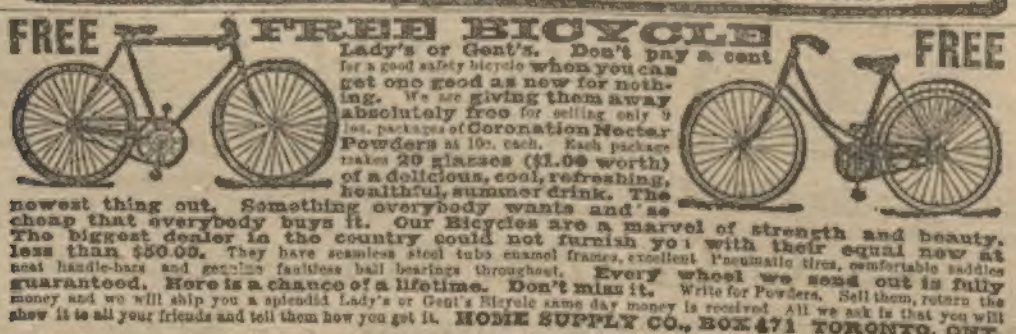
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. Long Range. Terrific Force. All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. Given for selling only 18 packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes $1.00 worth of a delicious, sparkling summer drink. Everybody buys. Write us for Powders. Sell them, return $1.80 and receive this splendid Rifle. HOME SUPPLY CO., TORONTO.


FREE
FREE BICYCLE
FREE
Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling only 9 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal now at less than $50.00. They have seamless steel tube enamel frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles neat handle-bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.

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